Mr. LUNARDI'S

ACCOUNT

OF HIS SECOND

AERIAL VOYAGE

FROM

LIVERPOOL,

On TUESDAY the 9th of AUGUST, 1785.

IN TWO LETTERS TO

GEORGE BIGGIN, ESQ.

LIVERPOOL, *Auguſt 8th*, 1785.

MY DEAR BIGGIN,

TO eaſe the Pangs of a ſevere Diſappointment, aggravated by the Horrors of Suſpence, my only Reſource is the lenient Balm of Friendſhip. When you know how I am harraſs'd by Fatigue, and rack'd by contending Paſſions, you will ſincerely pity, nay feel for, me. What a Bleſſing ſhould I eſteem it, would Heaven grant me a little of that STOICAL APATHY, that cold INSENSIBILITY, which I have ſo often deſpiſed! The Heart which can be elevated to the higheſt Summit of Joy, muſt expect, at ſome Time, to be plung'd in the loweſt Depths of Woe. It would

be impoſſible to tell you my Feelings, in the Compaſs of a Letter, nor are there Words to deſcribe them: take the Circumſtances, and your Knowledge of my Heart will enable you to form ſome Idea.

Not a Little elated with the Succeſs of my *firſt Voyage*, and the Approbation of all Ranks of People, I advertiſed that I would make a *ſecond Aſcenſion*, from the ſame Place, on *Tueſday the 2d of Auguſt*, if the WIND and WEATHER would permit. In the Interim I enlarged the BALLOON that I might be enabled to take up a ſufficient Quantity of Ballaſt; inſtead of the *Gallery* I prepared a Boat, infinitely lighter, made of twiſted Ozier covered with a raw Hide; and, in Conſequence of theſe Improvements, hoped to make many *intereſting Experiments* for my own, as well as the *Public Gratification*.

With

With what Pleaſure did I obſerve the fair WIND and WEATHER on *Monday!* I had ſo far improved my Apparatus as to have every probability of filling the BALLOON in a ſhort Time; and I felicitated myſelf on the *delightful Proſpects* which now ſeemed opening to my View! It did not in the leaſt grate my Ears to hear the Carriages rattling one after another thro' the principal Streets: Strangers were inceſſantly pouring into LIVERPOOL from all Quarters; and, as I am well informed, the Town has never been ſo crouded in the *Memory of Man!* So ſanguine were my Hopes, and ſo firm was my Aſſurance of ſucceeding, that I retired to Reſt perfectly compoſed and eaſy; no Anxiety prey'd upon my Repoſe, but SLEEP gently laid his *Leaden Mace* upon my Eye-Lids, and every Care was loſt in happy peaceful Slumber! What a Tranſition in my Mind

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on the *ominous Sound* that awakened me at *three o'Clock* the next Morning! it was the howling of the Wind in the Chimnies and round the Walls; a ſad Mattin-Song for me! The Voice of the *Screech Owl* had been a thouſand Times more pleaſant! A ſtrong Gale blew from the S. E. every Blaſt of which tore a Hope from my trembling Heart, and ſeemed to rob me of a Glory. There was no probability of a Change taking Place in my Favor that Day; but I determined to go to the FORT and wait the Event, but alas! waiting was to no Purpoſe; and I experienced the ſevere Mortification of ſeeing the innumerable Crouds, who had aſſembled from all Parts of the adjacent Country, diſappointed. My dear BIGGIN knows my Heart well enough to conceive what were now its Senſations. This was the firſt Time I ever found it impoſſible to aſcend on the

Day

Day appointed: my late Delight gave way to the moſt poignant Diſtreſs, and I felt the full Wretchedneſs of my Situation! but my ardent Deſire to pleaſe the *Public* gave an irreſiſtable Impulſe to my Conduct, and ſoon determined me how to act: I went immediately to the EXCHANGE, and there meeting with the *principal Merchants*, publickly offered to aſcend, at all Events, the Day following; provided they would diſpatch Veſſels, to obſerve my Courſe, and take me up, in Caſe I ſhould fall into the Sea; which, with the Wind at S. E. I muſt infalliably have done: They unanimouſly refuſed their Aſſent to this Propoſal; and declared that I ſhould not, upon any Conſideration, encounter ſuch imminent Danger. I thanked them for their kind Concern for my Safety, told them that I had no Apprehenſions, and that my Soul roſe ſuperior to *ſlaviſh Fear*: but the little Rhetoric I was

Maſter

Maſter of could not overcome their Politeneſs, and they ſtill perſiſted to oppoſe my Requeſt.

Need I tell you my moſt earneſt Wiſh was to prevent the People from being again diſappointed? but I could not ſucceed; and was therefore under the neceſſity of waiting for a favourable WIND: but ſeeing no Appearance of a Change, either on *Wedneſday* or *Thurſday*, I determined to poſtpone my Voyage till *Monday the 8th Inſtant*, when I advertiſed to aſcend if poſſible.

Saturday the 6th of Auguſt was as fine a Day as ever I remember to have ſeen: no flying Clouds darkened the *blue etherial Vault*; no riſing Vapor abſorbed the beams of the Sun; a gentle Breeze blew from the N. N. W. and, had this been the Day fixed for my Aſcenſion, I could not have had

had a better Opportunity. *Sunday* was nearly as fine; and my Impatience increaſed, in Proportion as the appointed Time drew nigh: I was like a *Priſoner*, who, expecting his Deliverance, anxiouſly counts the Moments till the happy Hour arrives, deſtin'd to reſtore him NATURE'S FIRST, BEST, GIFT, FREEDOM! Short was the Period aſſigned to Sleep, I roſe with the wiſhed for Dawn, and went to the FORT; but Darkneſs had overſpread my Hopes:— The Sky was dreſt in Stormy Terrors; Thick black Clouds drove after one another in quick Succeſſion; and, though the Wind was in a favorable Quarter, it blew with ſuch Fury as convinced me it would be impracticable to fill the BALLOON whilſt ſo ſtrong a Gale continued. I had cauſed Poles to be erected for the Purpoſe of fixing Sails as a Barrier to its Violence; but a ſudden Blaſt making one of them to

give Way occaſioned a good deal of Conſternation: I was rather mortified at the Accident, becauſe had it been poſſible to aſcend, I ſhould have been delayed by the Time neceſſary to repair this Damage.

A Number of genteel People had aſſembled in the FORT, and, being very unwilling to diſappoint them, I flattered myſelf ſome Change might take Place in my Favor, on the turning of the Tide. I viewed alternately the *Face of the Heavens* and the *Countenances* of my *Friends*; the One was overcaſt with Clouds, as the others were with Concern for me. I waited near an Hour after High Water, but not being able to perceive any Alteration, I was obliged, with the utmoſt Regret, to diſmiſs the Company, and poſtpone the Experiment till the next Day. I left the FORT with a heavy Heart and vainly endeavoured to repreſs my Anxiety; the

ALMIGHTY

ALMIGHTY HAND had, at that Period, wrote SORROW ſo legibly on my Brow, that an Infant might have read it there: but it was ſome Relief to obſerve the Satisfaction expreſt at my Behaviour; wherever I paſt I heard PRAYERS and WISHES for *a better Day*; the *People* accompanied me, with loud and repeated PLAUDITS, to Mr. FORSHAW's the GOLDEN LION INN, where I went to Dine with my Friends.

I had ſcarce ſate a Quarter of an Hour when I roſe, and again went to the FORT, to ſecure the Poles, Sails, &c. to ſhelter the BALLOON when filling it, which I hope I ſhall be able to do *To-Morrow*; for ſome People have been ill-natured enough to hint that *it is not my Intention to aſcend: Pleaſe* GOD! I will convince them in the Morning how much they are miſtaken!

I have been here all this Afternoon, and

fully employed the whole Time; it is now *Half after Nine*, and the Men will not ſtay any longer: It is a very bad Night and a ſhocking high Wind! Nothing is ſecured; I am quite ſpent, and my Heart, agitated by Hope and Fear, trembles very much.

I am reſolved to ſleep upon a Chair nor will I ever quit the FORT till I have aſcended. I am ſo vexed I do not know what to do!

Eleven o'Clock.

I have been fortunate enough to procure a Feather-Bed; but do not know whether I ſhall be able to cloſe my Eyes. My Friend Mr. NISSEN, has been with me, and endeavoured to diſſuade me from my Reſolution of ſtaying here all Night; but my Determination is made and Nothing ſhall ſhake it. Good-Night; I will try

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to compoſe myſelf to Reſt, but do not think it will be in my Power; if I find it impoſſible will beguile the tedious Hours with writing to you.

Twelve o'Clock.

SLEEP flies to the humble Cottage, and ſeals the Eye-Lids of the *unambitious* PEASANT; on his *Straw-Bed* he ſlumbers happy, without a Care to break his Repoſe! what an enviable Condition! yet my Soul was never form'd to enjoy it: often have I ſaid I will ſeek PEACE in RETIREMENT; but the glittering PHANTOM GLORY, has danted acroſs my Path, and I have purſued it as eagerly as ever! it is a *falſe Light*, an *Ignis fatuus*, that leads me into many a *melancholy Situation*: and yet perhaps *To-morrow's Dawn* will ſee me following it with redoubled Ardor; and theſe ſerious Reflections will be for-

gotten

gotten: indeed I believe they are inſpired by the Gloomineſs of the Night; for the Wind roars horribly, as if a *thouſand* DEMONS were hurrying to Deſtruction on every Blaſt! the Waves break againſt the Foot of the Wall, with an hidious Noiſe; and the Sky is enveloped in deep Darkneſs. The ceaſeleſs howling of the Storm plays with too great Force, upon my Heart Strings, to produce a *ſoothing Harmony:* and yet I fain would Reſt; for tired Nature, harraſſed with unremitting Fatigue, demands ſome Relief.

Tueſday Morning, Half paſt Two.

I have been dozing a Little and, when I awoke, turning my Eyes to the Window, the firſt Object that ſaluted them was a BRIGHT STAR peeping thro' the Gloom; what a Comfort, at this Time, to ſee one of HEAVEN'S ETHERIAL LAMPS ſhine ſo clearly!

clearly! I bleſt it as a *cheering Meſſenger* of better Weather! The Wind is not quite ſo violent as it was two Hours ago, and the *Beams* of the *Star* are, to me, *Rays of Hope* that illumine my clouded Proſpects, and give me a diſtant View of Happineſs.

Eight o'Clock,

As I ſhall, in a few Hours, make the Experiment whether I can aſcend or not, I have retired to give you an Account of my preſent Feelings, which I am obliged to hide from the Face of the World; for, if I do not appear perfectly compoſed and eaſy, my Friends will not permit me to go up; and, ſetting aſide GLORY, nothing gives me ſo much Pleaſure as an aerial Excurſion! therefore, tho' I am a little diſturbed by the Force of the Wind, I ſhall aſſume as much Serenity as poſſible; for I long

long to convince theſe UNBELIEVERS that I have ſome little Degree of Intrepidity.

Half paſt Twelve.

I have begun to fill the BALLOON; the inflammable Air is remarkably good, and I have ſo effectually mended the Apparatus as to prevent the leaſt Admiſſion of the *Atmoſpheric Air*, or Emiſſion of the *Gas*: the *Chemical Part* of the *Buſineſs* proceeds better than I ever experienced it to do: I have made ſeveral new Obſervations which I ſhall communicate to you the firſt Opportunity.

The Company aſſemble faſt and I muſt make my Appearance. My beſt Wiſhes for you are conſigned to this Paper which I expect will find you at BRUSSELS: I regret the Diſtance Fate places between us; yet, if you find Pleaſure, it would be ſelfiſh in me to repine: it is the Part of pure

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and diſintereſted Friendſhip to regard only the Happineſs of its Object; and I can aſſure you your Satisfaction will ever be dear to the Heart of

VINCENT LUNARDI.

DEAR GEORGE,

GIVE me a thouſand Congratulations! I have experienced a Pleaſure equal to that of a condemned Malefactor who is repriv-ed at the Place of Execution! I have ſuf-fered ſuch quick Tranſitions of GRIEF RAGE, and JOY as have quite ſhook my Frame: I have been in a moſt horrid Si-tuation! but, *thank* GOD, it is now over; and the *Ladies* and *Gentlemen* of LIVER-POOL flatter me that I have given ſuffici-ent *Proofs* of COURAGE.

No Incident, worth relating, occurred during the filling of the BALLOON; and, about *half paſt Two o'Clock*, I gave the Signal that it was full, and faſtened the Boat to it: At this Time there was a good deal

deal of *Company* in the FORT; Numbers of whom, not only GENTLEMEN, but LADIES, having crouded round the Apparatus, I told them that, if they would be kind enough to give Way a little, I would gratify their Curiosity by ascending from the *Middle* of the FORT. As soon as all was in perfect Readiness, I gave the two *Head-Ropes* to my active Friends Mr. W. EARLE and Mr. NISSEN, whilst my dear Mr. HOPE held the FLAGG on the Right Side of the Car, in which I was standing up; In this Manner I was carried, from the Apparatus, through a *Lane* made by the *Soldiers* who attended on this occasion.

No sooner was the BALLOON unsheltered than, being exposed to the Vehemence of the Wind, it dragged the *three Gentlemen* almost to the opposite side of the FORT; which Circumstance alarming the

Company, they immediately ran towards it in vaſt Crouds, and, to keep it ſteady, caught at the *Netting*, which they almoſt tore in Pieces, and, by ſome Means or other, burſt the BALLOON. *Female Screams*, and the Cry of "*Don't let him go up, Don't let him go up,*" now reſounded from every Quarter. In vain did I call out to them to ſet me free; my ſingle Voice was drowned by the Cries of the Multitude, and I ſaw no Probability of aſcending: my Feelings, at this Moment, were ſo complicated that I almoſt loſt the Power of Utterance and could only exclaim OH DIO! The INVOCATION was heard; and Heaven lent me its inſpiring Aid: I ſtarted up, and, drawing my HANGER, *ſwore I would cut every Hand about the Hoop*; in ſaying this I perhaps threatened ſome of my beſt Friends; but I hope they will pardon me. If I had not gone up the People, in the FORT, would probably

bably have been ſatisfied; but the *many Thouſands* on the *Outſide* what would they have ſaid or done? therefore, however my Conduct might appear, it proceeded entirely from that *Strength of Honour* which commands me above Friendſhip; and I truſt all thoſe who know me will not be angry with One who ever prefers his GLORY to his LIFE! My Threats had the deſired Effect, I was immediately ſet free; and, ſwifter than a Rocket, darted into the Air at *fifty-two Minutes paſt three o'Clock*. My firſt Thought looking down at the People below, was *now follow me and pull me back if you can*. I had put about *Sixty Pound Weight* of Ballaſt into the Boat, which I might have taken up; but, in the Confuſion, when dragged about the FORT, it was thrown out, therefore you may judge with what Velocity I aſcended, when you conſider the *Riſing Power* of the BALLOON. In about *four Minutes*,

Minutes, I loſt Sight of LIVERPOOL: this Interval I employed in faſtening the broken Strings, and waving the Flag as a Signal of my Safety, which I am ſure gave great Satisfaction to many who were anxious on my Account.

When above the Clouds, and entirely deprived of the *View* of the *Town*, I was ſtationary over the RIVER, at the Heighth of a *Mile and a Half:* This was the pleaſanteſt Situation I enjoyed during my whole Journey: I could ſee Nothing but a *Bed* of *White Clouds* excepting that, thro' an Aperture of about Two Hundred Yards, the *River Merſey*, with part of its Shore appeared. I am well convinced that I continued in this Station for the Space of *Twenty Minutes*; I ſpent that Time in compoſing myſelf and drank a ſmall Bottle of *Tokay Wine*, but could not eat any thing ſo much was I affected by the Agitation

tation of my Spirits a few moments before my Aſcenſion. I filled ſome Bottles with the *pure Air*, for the purpoſe of making Experiments when on Earth, and flung down the following *Propoſals* folded as a Letter, but as I have heard nothing of them, I conclude they fell into the River.

A CARD from the SKIES.

MR. LUNARDI, *ſoaring in the* Etherial Regions, *preſents his beſt Compliments to his* Terreſtrial Friends; *and begs leave to inform them, that, fired by Emulation and the love of Glory, and delighted with the Scenes upon which he now looks down, he will enlarge his* BALLOON, *and make an* ærial Voyage, *from* LIVERPOOL *to the* ISLE OF MAN, *provided the* Ladies *and* Gentlemen *will raiſe a Subſcription ſufficient to defray the Expences of ſuch a Journey,* (150*l.*) *before* Friday *next*; *and cauſe Veſſels to be ſtationed, at certain Diſtances, between the two Places. He is certain from his Courage and Knowledge, that he ſhall not fail in the Experiment. However hazardous ſuch an Undertaking may be, yet there*

there is a Glory attending it which makes Mr. LUNARDI *anxious to purſue it: therefore if the* Inhabitants of LIVERPOOL *have the ſmalleſt Degree of Attachment to him, they will enable him to proſecute his favourite Scheme, and again gratify their Curioſity: He neither wiſhes nor hopes for any* pecuniary Advantage *from ſuch a project; but if he can accompliſh it, and merely defray the Expences, he will be ſatisfied with the Pleaſure it muſt afford to his dear Friends on Earth, of whom, with ſincere affection, he thus takes his leave, till he again returns from the wide* trackleſs Space, *where he now offers up his Prayers for their* Happineſs.

After this, being ſtill over the River, without the leaſt Breath of Wind to move me any Way, at *Half after Four o'Clock* I threw down the whole of my Proviſions, empty Bottles, Baſket, &c. then I roſe a little, but ſtill was perpendicular to the ſame Spot, tho' the Clouds, half a Mile beneath me, were moving very faſt. The inflammable Air eſcaping, thro' the Holes torn in the BALLOON, I began to deſcend; and

and, *in three Minutes*, was going with the Rapidity of the Clouds: I then cut off the NECK of the BALLOON, which was about *two pounds and a half Weight*, and threw it down with the *Braſs Trumpet*; this cauſed me to riſe again: and now the Sky beginning to clear, I could plainly ſee the Face of the whole Country over which I paſt.

At five o'Clock, I deſcended in a *Corn-Field* near TARPORLEY, and, from thence, by the Impetuoſity of the Wind, was dragged a conſiderable Way, over *Hedges*, *Trees*, and a *ſmall Village* called TIVERTON, where the BALLOON ſtruck againſt a Houſe the Chimney of which it pulled down; at laſt I ſucceeded in ſecuring it, with the Aſſiſtance of ſeveral People, in a Lane half Way betwixt BEESTON CASTLE and TAR-

PORLEY, though not till my Back was much hurt and my Limbs ſadly bruiſed.

I was carried, in my Boat, with the Flagg flying, to *Swan Inn* TARPORLEY, where I dined with ſeveral Gentlemen who had come to meet me; the Bells rang all that Evening, and the next Morning while I ſet out for CHESTER, where I arrived at *half after One o'Clock*, and was received with uncommon Applauſe, ſurrounded and careſt by all the Gentlemen, eſpecially thoſe who were *Witneſſes* of my *Aſcenſion* from LIVERPOOL. The Civilities ſhewn me by MAJOR BARNSTON, Mr. BAPTIST, and Mr. FRENCH, beggar all Deſcription! they inſiſted on my dining with them, and ſhewed me the whole City, which exhibits many remarkable unimpaired *Monuments of Antiquity*, which at once inſpired me with *Awe Veneration* and *Delight!* if theſe

theſe Sentiments had ſuch Power in my Breaſt, what muſt be their Influence over an ENGLISHMAN who regards theſe *Relics of early Ages*, as Memorials of his ANCESTOR'S GLORIES and Pledges of his own? Had I Time for *Philoſophic Inveſtigations*, I do not know a Subject I would ſooner chooſe than that *Intuitive Affection*, which ariſes in the Human Breaſt, for thoſe Works of Art which have long withſtood the deſtroying Power of Time; perhaps we look upon them as faint TYPES of our own IMMORTALITY: this Suppoſition might account for the general Delight experienced in viewing them, and for Part of the exquiſite Pleaſure I felt during my Stay in CHESTER: from one Circumſtance or another, which occurred there, ſuch an Impreſſion was made on my Mind, as I ſhall never forget. The Gentlemen were ſo uncommonly kind to me,

and treated me with ſuch diſtinguiſhing Marks of Reſpect, that I muſt be the vileſt Ingrate upon Earth if I could forbear acknowledging the Obligations I feel myſelf under to them: therefore, by Printing theſe Letters, I ſhall exhibit to the *Public* the full Senſations of my Soul as poured out to you, and pay what JUSTICE owes to GENEROSITY, by informing you that the *Gentlemen* of CHESTER immediately opened a Subſcription to enable me to aſcend from thence, nor ſeemed to harbour a Wiſh that I ſhould attempt it with the ſmalleſt Hazard of loſing Money. You may imagine the little Interval of Time I ſpent here paſt ſwiftly, and, with a heavy Heart, I departed on *Thurſday*, tho' accompanied by my Friends Mr. HOPE and Mr. WEISS, who had met me at CHESTER on *Wedneſday* Evening: for the Space of *Half an Hour* I almoſt appeared guilty of Ingratitude;

Ingratitude; for even their Company ſcarce ſeemed to conſole me for what I left behind. Many a Time did my Eyes turn to thoſe venerable Walls as if they contained ſomething peculiarly dear to me: I was loſt in a Reverie whilſt my Thoughts flew back to take another Farewell, and the ſhouts which accompanied me out of CHESTER, ſtill ſeemed to ſound in my Ears when I reached WARRINGTON, where I dined and was met by ſome Friends who had come from LIVERPOOL to join me.

Tho' it was a very rainy Day I was received a *Mile* out of *Town*, by many *Gentlemen* on *Horſeback*, ſo that I made my Entry with a fine Train: the Bells were ringing, and the Streets through which I paſt, lined with *People*, who hailed me with loud cheering Burſts of Applauſe! I drove ſlowly to Mr. FORSHAW's the

GOLDEN

GOLDEN LION INN, where I found *immenſe Crouds* aſſembled to celebrate my Return; which they did with ſuch Tranſport as quite overpowered me! Every Face was marked with ſome pleaſing *energetic Paſſion*; every Hand that was extended towards me ſeemed a Brother's; and my Heart beat as if it would burſt my *Boſom* to mingle *Affections* with theirs. Some of the *Gentlemen*, placing me in the Boat, took it on their Shoulders and carried me in Triumph paſt the EXCHANGE; they would have proceeded along the principal Streets, but this was a Tribute too great even for my Vanity: I begged they would not confer an Honor on me which it would be Preſumption to accept; they therefore committed me to the Care of ſome *Working People*, who, exulting in the Office, bore me with every Demonſtration of Joy, to my Lodgings at the MOUNT COFFEE-HOUSE,

HOUSE, where I gave them ſomething to drink, and, changing my Dreſs, went from thence to the ASSEMBLY, to pay my Reſpects to the LADIES, who kindly congratulated me on my Return; complimented me on the Courage I had ſhewn, and expreſt the Anxiety they had ſuffered, on my Account, till the News of my Safety arrived: What a Pleaſure for me! Praiſe never gratifies me highly unleſs I receive it from the FAIR-SEX. You will judge from the following Addreſs, printed in the laſt Liverpool Paper, that I have ſome Friend who knows my Diſpoſition very well:

To the LADIES of LIVERPOOL.

IF benevolence is more than a Name, and if true Courage is not become Worthleſs in the Eyes of the FAIR SEX, your Hearts muſt be alive to all the power of Senſibility! your Tendereſt Feelings muſt have been excited by the Dangers Mr. LUNARDI went through on *Tueſday* laſt. Did a Female behold him and not ſhed Tears? Then prove that the Senſations of Pity have ſufficient Power in your Hearts, to awaken more Noble Ones! It has never been doubted that you poſſeſſed Generoſity; now let it Publickly Appear, for Virtue ought never to hide her Head. Act like yourſelves, and Sacrifice ſome Trifling Gratifications to the Sublime Pleaſure of Rewarding Merit and Intrepidity.

The LAUREL CROWN never ſate eaſy on the Head of a CONQUEROR, till plac'd by a *Lady's Hand:* and can the GALLANT YOUTH, who ventured his Life before your Eyes, think you approve his Conduct, if you refuſe to join the Subſcriptions opened on his Account?—Do not wait for a Precedent; let your only Conteſt be who ſhall prove the moſt eager to ſet the Glorious Example! This will be no Deviation from true *Feminine Delicacy*; and, tho' a very Faithful Lover, and Humble Adorer of the Ladies, I ſhould

ſcorn

ſcorn the Woman who had not liberality enough to ſubſcribe her Name on this Occaſion.

I own myſelf a profeſt Friend to Mr. LUNARDI, and that I have the greateſt Regard in the World for his Intereſt; but neither that, nor any thing elſe, ſhould prompt me to ſpeak Sentiments foreign to my Heart, or to forbear praiſing Merit wherever I find it.

Let each Lady ſuppoſe that her favour'd Lover ſpeaks in this Addreſs; ſhe will then have a double Intereſt in doing a good Action, and every pulſation of her Heart will be to her a Tribute of Praiſe for liſtening to the Advice of

The Ladies moſt devoted humble Servant,

PHILO.

Whoever is the Author I own myſelf infinitely obliged to him: whether it has had the deſired effect I will not pretend to judge; for I cannot yet form any Idea what the Subſcription will be. I am at preſent a Loſer, and have no certainty of being repaid; by the Time I could ſend

you News of the Determination, you will perhaps have left BRUSSELS, and I ſhall not know where to direct; therefore, that you may be ſatisfied, as early as poſſible, of my *Good*, or *Ill*, Succeſs, I ſhall take Care to publiſh an *impartial Account* of it in all the ENGLISH NEWS PAPERS, ſome of which will certainly reach you.

I took the Liberty of ſhewing your Letter of the 30th of laſt Month to the LADY whom I mentioned in mine of the 22d, as a particular Friend; ſhe tells me ſhe is much flattered by your good Opinion; and I believe ſhe ſpeaks ſincerely; for her Ideas of your Merit, high as they were before, are conſiderably raiſed by the kind and ineſtimable Counſel you have given me: I encloſe you another Specimen of her Poetical Talents, which will be publiſhed with theſe Letters. I am ſent for in a Hurry to GEORGE'S COFFEEHOUSE, ſo muſt lay down my Pen. Mr.

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Mr. FRENCH is juſt come over from CHESTER, and tells me that, in one Day, *(Friday)*, they collected *ſeventy Guineas*, toward my Subſcription, amongſt the *Trades-people* only: I have determined to go there, and have deſired them to fix a Day for my Aſcenſion; it will be *Monday the 22d of Auguſt*: as ſoon as it is over I ſhall think of returning to LONDON; but my Entrance into that City will be attended with Regret, when I reflect that I can no longer hope to meet my beloved FRIEND and COMPANION there; yet be aſſured, wherever you go, tho' *wide rolling Oceans*, and *immenſe unmeaſured Tracts of Land*, intervene, you will ſtill be preſent to my Heart; nor ſhall I know a Pleaſure nearer than communicating my Thoughts to you. I make it my daily Prayer, that I may continue to deſerve your Eſteem;

and that the THORNS and BRIARS, which ſtrew the PATH of LIFE, may, in your Paſſage, be covered with the LEAVES of ROSES; nor once wound him whoſe tender Friendſhip will ever give ſincere Delight to

His affectionate

VINCENT LUNARDI.

FAME's

FAME'S THEME
TO THE
MUSES.

THRO' a Shady Laurel Bower,
Planted on PARNASSUS' Side,
Fring'd with many a dewy Flower,
Flows the Heliconian Tide.

There the MUSES, oft retiring,
Tune their Songs at parting Day;
Whilſt the ſolemn Scene inſpiring
Steals its Softneſs o'er the Lay.

Plaintive ECHO at a Diſtance,
On a moſſy Bed ſupine,
From her Cavern lends Aſſiſtance
To the Harmony divine.

Thus one Ev'ning as they ſported,
By the murm'ring Wave reclin'd,
Whilſt their Locks, by ZEPHYR courted,
Wanton'd with the breathing Wind.

Muſic's

Muſic's Voice, harmonious ſounding,
Warbled thro' the Leafy Shade;
When a Trumpet's Noiſe rebounding,
Hail'd them from a neighbouring Glade!

Soon to open View appearing,
Circled with celeſtial Flame,
High her Laurel'd Forehead rearing,
Stood confeſt the Goddeſs FAME!

Then, a lofty Theme proclaiming,
Loud ſhe call'd the tuneful Throng;
And, her FAV'RITE HERO naming,
Claim'd their celebrating Song.

Fair URANIA ſmil'd benignly,
Call'd on PHOEBUS to inſpire;
Then ſhe tun'd her Voice divinely,
Whilſt ſhe ſtruck the Leſbian Lyre.

SAPPHO heard its Sound with Pleaſure;
Quick ſhe join'd the vocal Train:
"Softly ſweet, in Lydian Meaſure,"
Thus began the heav'nly Strain:

Nymphs and Shepherds hither bring
Sweets that on PARNASSUS grow;
Wreathe the Flowrets of the Spring,
With the Bay and Laurel Bough: Let

Let the Myrtle too be there,
Bid its Silver Bloſſoms ſpread:
Twine the ſacred Crown with Care;
Place it on LUNARDI's Head.

Mark the YOUTH *intrepid* go
Swiftly thro' the Realms of Light;
Whilſt th' aſtoniſh'd Crouds below
Gaze with wonder at the Sight!

HEROES too, and DEMI-GODS,
See your lov'd Companion riſe!
Lead him to your bleſt Abodes!
Hail him to his native Skies!

Let the *Muſic* of the *Spheres*
O'er th' expanded Ether roll;
Fill with Harmony his Ears;
Touch with Extacy his Soul!

Swift ye Breezes catch his Fame;
Bear it on your Wings abroad;
MUSES celebrate his NAME;
Seas, and Earth, and Air, applaud!

Each Valley, Mountain, Cave, and Rock, around
With Pleaſure heard the Song! with Joy prolong'd
the Sound!